

Buster Brown

COMIC BOOK

NO.
31



TUNE IN SMILIN' ED McCONNELL AND THE
BUSTER BROWN GANG ON RADIO OR TV

L. S. GOOD & CO.





WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

**You need NEW SANDALS
FOR SUMMERTIME**

BUSTER BROWN VACATION DAYS CARNIVAL

Have Mom take you to your
Buster Brown Shoe Man
for new summer sandals.

His name is printed on the
front cover of this comic book.


He has many pretty new
styles to show you during the
Buster Brown Vacation
Days Carnival.



ALWAYS LOOK for this picture
of Buster Brown and Tige in your
new shoes to be sure you're getting
genuine Buster Browns.



The BLOOD RUBY



AIE, SUCH A GREAT CITY.
IT MAKES MY
HEAD SWIM.

Gunga, mahout to the Maharaja of Bakore, took his master to Bombay for a conference with the Viceroy, and other Rajas and Maharajas. Then, having cared for his great bull elephant, Teela, the boy went into the great market places of the city to see the sights.

RYN WILLNER

AMMM, THERE, A YOUNG NOBLEMAN IF I EVER SAW ONE. STEP IN AND HAVE THE GREAT NEDDA FORETELL YOUR FUTURE... TELL YOU WHAT FORTUNE LIES AHEAD OF YOU.

TELL MY FUTURE? BAH! I KNOW ABOUT YOU. TRICKSTERS OF THE CITY. FORTUNE-TELLING IS UNTRUTHFUL. NO ONE CAN SEE INTO THE FUTURE.



THE GREAT NEDDA FORETELLS THE FUTURE WITH THE AID OF THE HOODED ONES. IF SHE DOES NOT PLEASE YOU, DO NOT PAY HER.

THE HOODED ONES? THE GREAT COBRAS? THIS I WOULD LIKE TO SEE.



YOU WILL FIND THE GREAT NEDDA VERY INTERESTING. I ASSURE YOU.

BUT REMEMBER... IF SHE DOES NOT PLEASE ME, I WILL PAY NOTHING.



A YOUTH, GREAT NEDDA. GIVE HIM HIS FUTURE.

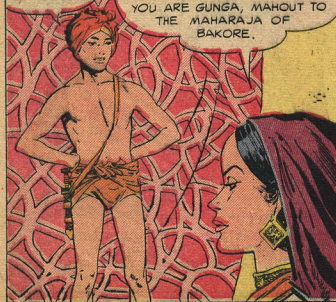
YOU MAY AS WELL KNOW, I WILL NOT BELIEVE WHAT YOU SAY.

A BOY? AND WHO MIGHT THIS BOY BE?



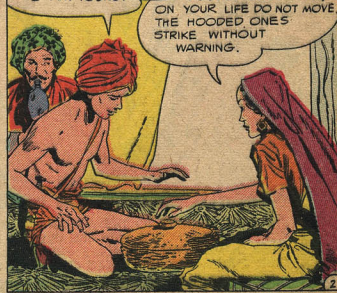
WHY MY NAME IS...

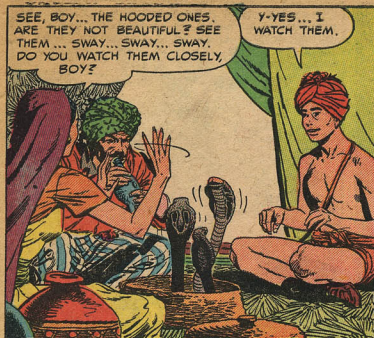
NO NEED TO TELL ME. MANY THINGS ARE KNOWN TO NEDDA. YOU ARE GUNGA, MAHOUT TO THE MAHARAJA OF BAKORE.



AIE! PERHAPS I WAS WRONG TO DISBELIEVE. I AM YOUNG.

OF COURSE, CORGA... THE MUSIC FOR THE HOODED ONES. BOY, ON YOUR LIFE DO NOT MOVE. THE HOODED ONES STRIKE WITHOUT WARNING.

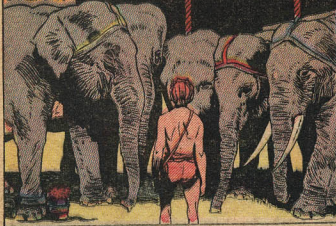




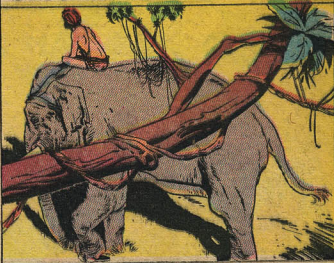
AND THUS BEGAN ONE OF GUNGA'S STRANGEST ADVENTURES. FOR THE WOMAN, NEDDA, WAS MORE THAN A SNAKE CHARMER. SHE WAS A HYPNOTIST, AND SOON HAD THE BOY LOCKED IN A HYPNOTIC TRANCE.



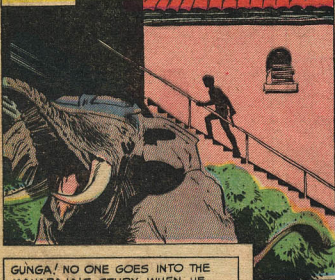
IN HIS HYPNOTIC TRANCE, KNOWING NOTHING BUT THE COMMANDS OF NEDDA, GUNGA WENT AT ONCE TO THE STABLES WHERE TEELA WAS QUARTERED. HIS MIND OTHERWISE BLANK, HE KNEW ONLY THAT HE MUST GET THE BLOOD RUBY FROM THE MAHARAJA'S SAFE AND TAKE IT TO THE WOMAN, NEDDA, WHO WOULD MEET HIM IN THE VILLAGE OF JHALPUR.



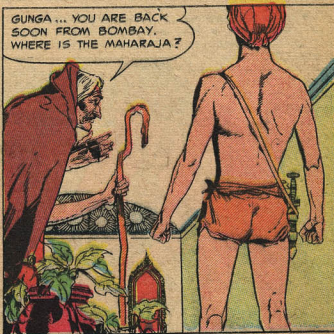
THOUGH THE GREAT ELEPHANT WAS PUZZLED BY THE STRANGE BEHAVIOR OF HIS YOUNG MASTER, STILL HE OBEYED THE FAMILIAR VOICE AND HANDS, AND, FASTER THAN HIS LUMBERING GATE WOULD INDICATE, HE ATE UP THE MILES TO BAKORE.



FOLLOWING THE HYPNOTIC COMMAND OF NEDDA, GUNGA GOES STRAIGHT TO THE MAHARAJA'S PALACE.



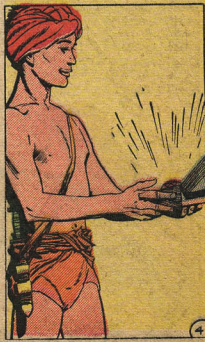
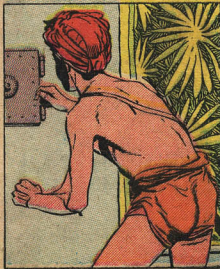
GUNGA ... YOU ARE BACK SOON FROM BOMBAY. WHERE IS THE MAHARAJA?



GUNGA! NO ONE GOES INTO THE MAHARAJA'S STUDY WHEN HE IS NOT HERE! WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU, BOY? WHY DO YOU NOT ANSWER ME?



GUNGA WAS NOT TO BE STOPPED. INDEED, UNDER THE HYPNOTIC SPELL OF NEDDA, HE DID NOT EVEN REALIZE THAT THE OLD SERVANT, MAGO, SPOKE TO HIM.



IN THE DREAM OF HYPNOSIS, GUNGA IGNORES THE VOICE OF OLD MAGO, AND SETS OFF FOR THE VILLAGE OF JHALPUR.



GUNGA! WHAT HAVE YOU DONE? WHAT IS IN THAT BOX? WHERE ARE YOU GOING? GUNGA, WHAT IS WRONG? WHY DO YOU NOT ANSWER ME?

MEANWHILE, IN A SMALL HOUSE IN THE VILLAGE, NEDDA AWAITES THE BOY'S COMING WITH CONFIDENCE. CORGA IS DOUBTFUL.

WE WERE FOOLS, NEDDA. WE SHOULD HAVE FOLLOWED THE BOY. THE HYPNOTIC SPELL CANNOT LAST THIS LONG.

AND BE CAUGHT FOR OUR TROUBLE? HE IS ONLY A BOY. HE CANNOT FIGHT THE TRANCE. HE WILL BE HERE WITH THE RUBY.



SEE, CORGA? DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF NEDDA AND THE COBRAS.



THE RUBY, BOY... WHERE IS THE RUBY?

THE RUBY IS IN THIS BOX.

GIVE IT TO ME... GIVE IT TO ME, BOY!



WHO... WHERE AM I? WHO ARE... YOU?

CORGA... HE COMES OUT OF THE TRANCE!

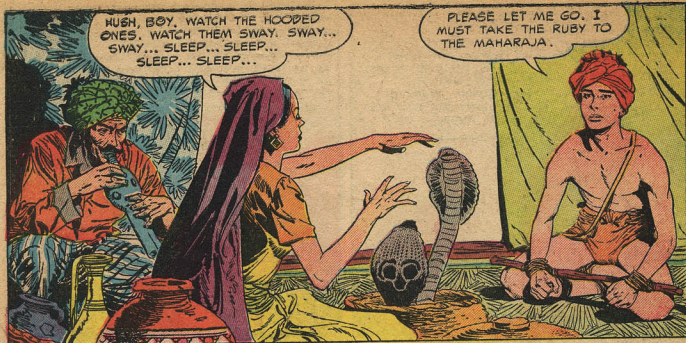
I'LL HOLD HIM, NEDDA... THE BOX... TAKE THE BOX!



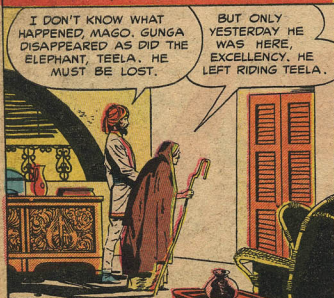
BRING OUT THE COBRAS. I WILL LEAVE THE BOY UNDER A SPELL AND GIVE HIM A MESSAGE TO TELL ANYONE WHO FOLLOWS HIM. THEN WE WILL TAKE THE JUNGLE TRAIL TO KYERABAD.

THE RUBY! YOU HAVE MY MAHARAJAH'S RUBY. LET ME TAKE IT BACK TO HIM. PLEASE!





MEANWHILE, THE MAHARAJA, PUZZLED BY GUNGA'S DISAPPEARANCE, RETURNS TO THE PALACE ALONE.





THE MAHARAJA AND MAGO TRAVELLED SWIFTLY FOR THEIR ELEPHANT WAS FRESH AND NEEDED NO URGING. SOON THEY ENTERED THE VILLAGE CLEARING.



THEY EASILY LOCATED THE HOUSE WHICH NEDDA AND CORGA HAD USED, AND THUS THEY FOUND GUNGA.



GUNGA... WHY ARE YOU HERE? WHY DID YOU LEAVE BOMBAY ALONE?

I DO NOT KNOW.



GUNGA... YOU STOLE THE BLOOD RUBY. WHAT DID YOU DO WITH IT?

I SOLD IT TO A MERCHANT WHO TOOK IT TO BOMBAY.



WHERE IS THE MONEY YOU RECEIVED FOR THE RUBY?

I HAVE NO MONEY.

EXCELLENCY... THE BOY IS SICK. SEE... THE WAY HE LOOKS AND TALKS.

HE'S NOT SICK. HE'S ACTING.
I'M GOING TO BOMBAY TO FIND
THAT RUBY, AND GUNGA'S
GOING TO PRISON.

NO, NO,
EXCELLENCY.
NOT PRISON.

LEAVE THE BOY
WITH ME. I PROMISE
HE WILL BE WHERE YOU
CAN FIND HIM.

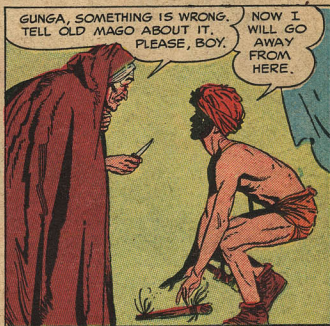
MAGO, I AM VERY ANGRY,
BUT I DO NOT WANT TO DO
ANYTHING IN ANGER WHICH
WOULD BE WRONG. I'LL
LEAVE THE BOY WITH YOU.
FREE HIM AND SEE THAT HE
RETURNS TO
BAKORE.

I PROMISE THAT,
EXCELLENCY. I
THINK SOON YOU
WILL SEE THAT
SOMETHING IS
WRONG. THIS IS
NOT OUR
GUNGA.

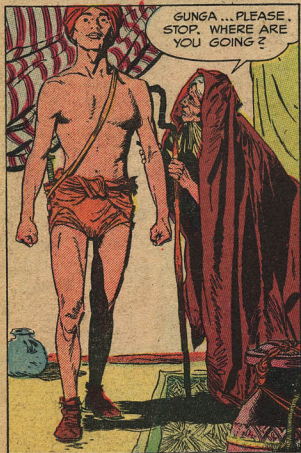


GUNGA, SOMETHING IS WRONG.
TELL OLD MAGO ABOUT IT.
PLEASE, BOY.

NOW I
WILL GO
AWAY FROM
HERE.

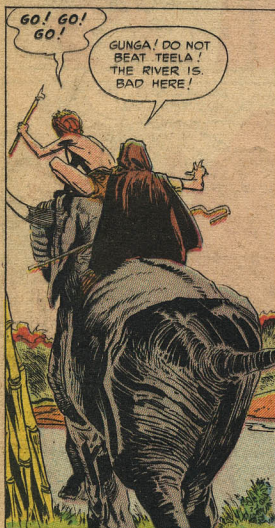
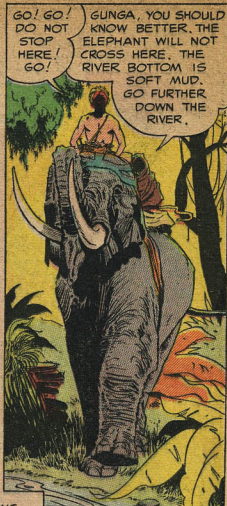
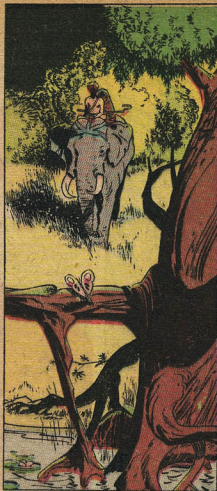
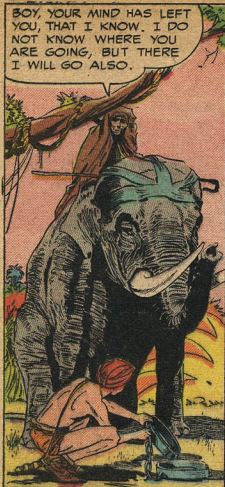


GUNGA... PLEASE.
STOP. WHERE ARE
YOU GOING?

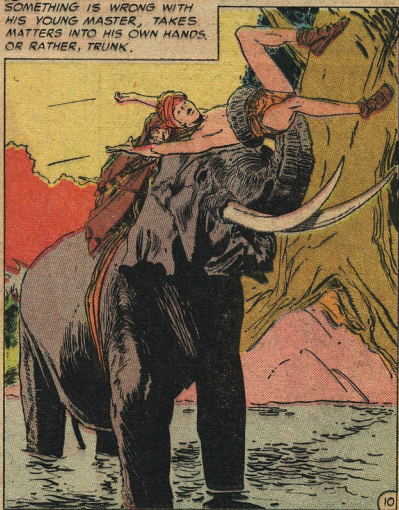


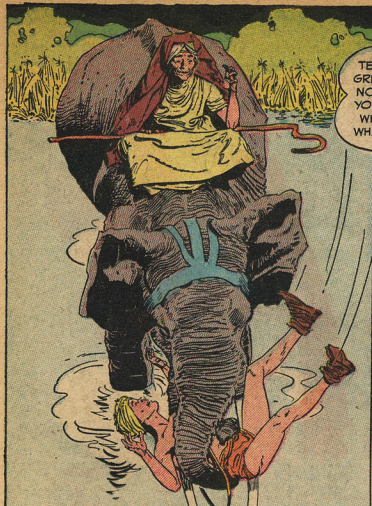
GUNGA... WAIT... DO
NOT HURRY SO!



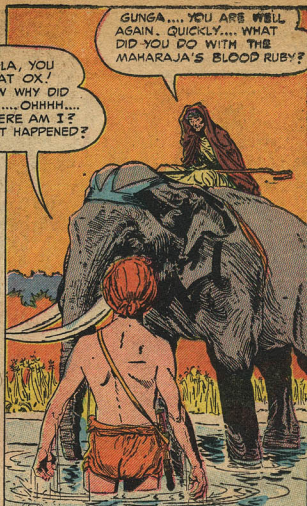


WISE OLD TEELA, KNOWING SOMETHING IS WRONG WITH HIS YOUNG MASTER, TAKES MATTERS INTO HIS OWN HANDS. OR RATHER, TRUNK.

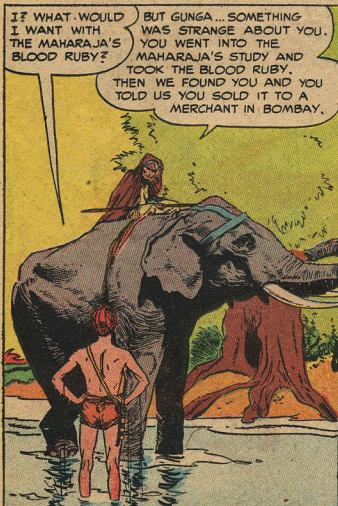




TEELA, YOU
GREAT OX!
NOW WHY DID
YOU.... OHHHH....
WHERE AM I?
WHAT HAPPENED?

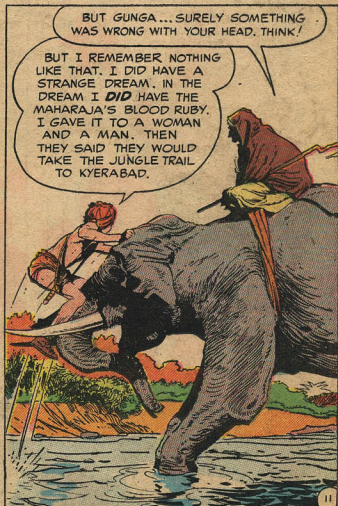


GUNGA.... YOU ARE WELL
AGAIN. QUICKLY.... WHAT
DID YOU DO WITH THE
MAHARAJA'S BLOOD RUBY?



IF WHAT WOULD
I WANT WITH
THE MAHARAJA'S
BLOOD RUBY?

BUT GUNGA... SOMETHING
WAS STRANGE ABOUT YOU.
YOU WENT INTO THE
MAHARAJA'S STUDY AND
TOOK THE BLOOD RUBY.
THEN WE FOUND YOU AND YOU
TOLD US YOU SOLD IT TO A
MERCHANT IN BOMBAY.



BUT GUNGA... SURELY SOMETHING
WAS WRONG WITH YOUR HEAD. THINK!

BUT I REMEMBER NOTHING
LIKE THAT. I DID HAVE A
STRANGE DREAM. IN THE
DREAM I *DID* HAVE THE
MAHARAJA'S BLOOD RUBY.
I GAVE IT TO A WOMAN
AND A MAN. THEN
THEY SAID THEY WOULD
TAKE THE JUNGLE TRAIL
TO KYERABAD.

GUNGA... THAT WAS NO DREAM! IT MUST HAVE BEEN WHAT HAPPENED. SEND TEELA ON. QUICKLY! I KNOW A SHORT CUT THROUGH THE JUNGLE TO TAKE US TO THE KYERABAD TRAIL.

MEANWHILE, CORGA AND NEDDA HURRY ALONG THE TRAIL TO THE KYERABAD ROAD.

SEE, CORGA... JUST AHEAD. THE ROAD TO KYERABAD. THEN ON TO CALCUTTA WHERE WE SELL THE RUBY, AND WE ARE RICH.

AND NONE TOO SOON TO SUIT ME. I STILL THINK I SHOULD HAVE USED MY KNIFE ON THE BOY.



SO! THE SNAKE WOMAN OF BOMBAY. GIVE ME MY MAHARAJA'S RUBY OR I SEND MY ELEPHANT AGAINST YOU!

THE BOY! AND THE SPELL IS BROKEN, CORGA!

RUN, NEDDA, RUN!

THE MAN, TEELA! TAKE HIM!

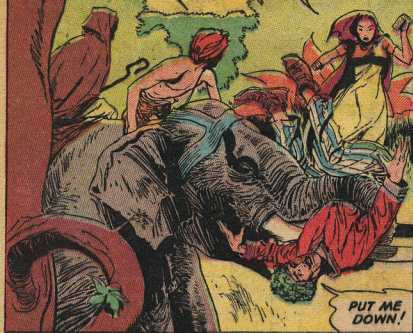


THE TWO CONSPIRATORS HAD NO CHOICE...

GIVE ME THE BLOOD
RUBY OR THE ELEPHANT
WILL KILL HIM. HURRY!

PUT HIM DOWN!
DON'T LET THE
ELEPHANT KILL
HIM!

PUT ME
DOWN!



...AND SOON A STRANGE LITTLE
CAVALCADE WAS HEADED BACK TOWARD
BAKORE.

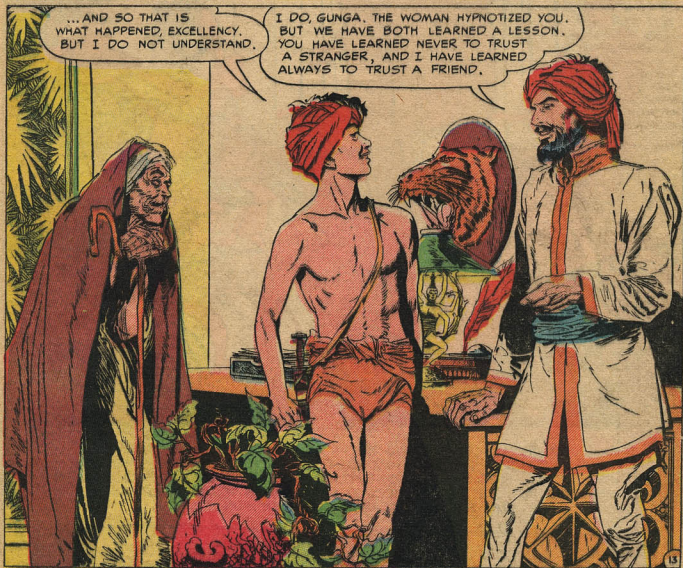
AIE, MAGO. SUCH
STRANGE HAPPENINGS
IN THIS WORLD. I
CANNOT UNDERSTAND
THEM.

YOU WILL
UNDERSTAND
WHEN YOU
ARE OLDER.
MEANWHILE,
GIVE THANKS
THAT THIS
ADVENTURE
ENDED SO WELL.



...AND SO THAT IS
WHAT HAPPENED, EXCELLENCY.
BUT I DO NOT UNDERSTAND.

I DO, GUNGA. THE WOMAN HYPNOTIZED YOU.
BUT WE HAVE BOTH LEARNED A LESSON.
YOU HAVE LEARNED NEVER TO TRUST
A STRANGER, AND I HAVE LEARNED
ALWAYS TO TRUST A FRIEND.

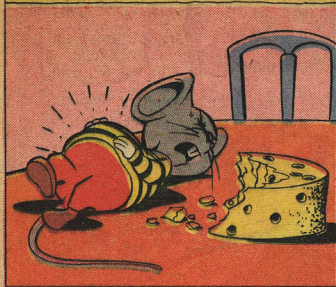


Smilin' Ed and his GANG

HAVE FUN ON THE FARM



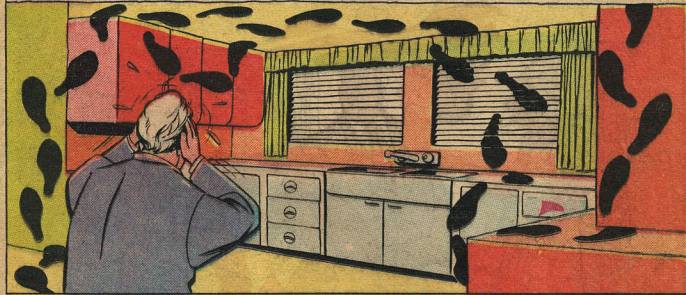
JUST YESTERDAY SQUEEKIE MADE A LITTLE PIG OF HIMSELF. HE RUINED A BEAUTIFUL CHEESE AND MADE HIMSELF SICK BESIDES...



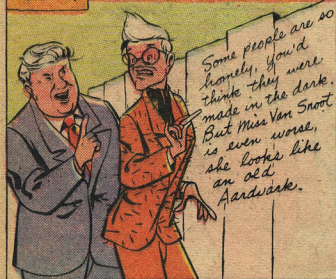
*AND WHAT DID MIDNIGHT DO? JUST TEASED POOR LITTLE DICKIE BIRD INTO HYSTERICs...



AND FROGGY? I NEARLY FAINTED WHEN I SAW FROGGY'S MUDDY FOOTPRINTS ALL OVER EVERYTHING.



EVEN MR. SHORTFELLOW WAS IN MISCHIEF. HE WROTE A VERY UNCOMPLIMENTARY POEM ABOUT MISS VAN SNOOT. THOUGH I'M SURE HE DIDN'T MEAN IT.



WE JUST HAVEN'T ENOUGH TO DO THIS SUMMER VACATION. FARMER BROWN INVITED US TO HIS PLACE AND WE'RE GOING. IF WE LIKE FARM LIFE I'LL BUY THE FARM AND WE'LL LIVE THERE.

HOW GLORIOUS! I LOVE COUNTRY LIFE!

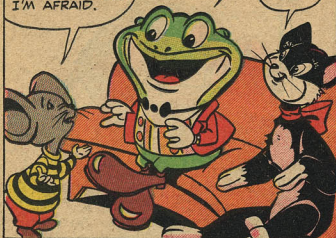
YO HO FOR COUNTRY FIELD AND HILL AND BROOK. THIS SOUNDS TOO PERFECT, THERE MUST BE SOME HOOK.



IN THE COUNTRY THEY HAVE WEASELS, AND HAWKS, AND SNAKES AND PEOPLE LIKE THAT. AND THEY JUST LOVE A DINNER OF MICE. I'M AFRAID.

I'LL HELP SMILIN' ED MILK THE CHICKENS AND GATHER THE COWS EGGS, I WILL, I WILL.

NICE!



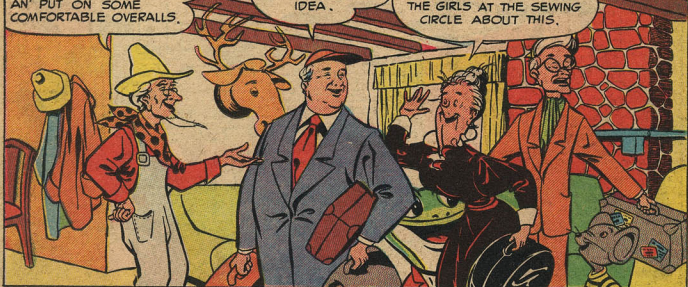
AND SO SMILIN' ED AND HIS GANG MOVE INTO THE COUNTRY...



NOW FIRST OFF, TAKE OFF THEM DUDE CITY CLOTHES AN' PUT ON SOME COMFORTABLE OVERALLS.

SAY NOW, GANG... THAT'S A SWELL IDEA.

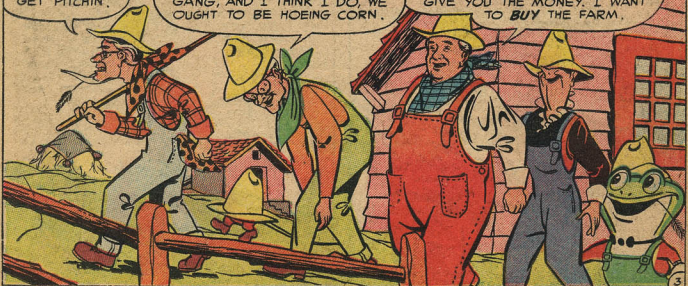
OH GOODNESS, OVERALLS! JUST WAIT UNTIL I TELL THE GIRLS AT THE SEWING CIRCLE ABOUT THIS.

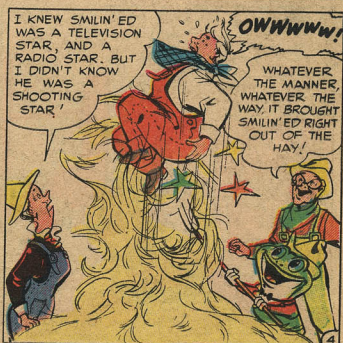
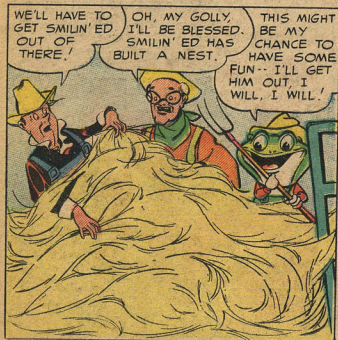
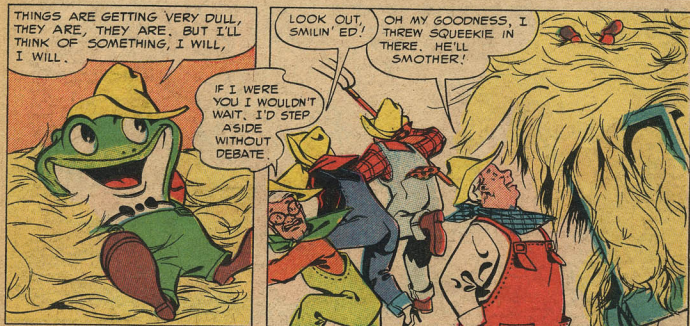


MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES, I ALLUS SAY. SO LET'S GET PITCHIN'.

WHY MUST WE GO TO THE HAYFIELD? IS THIS WHY WE ARE BORN? IF I KNOW THIS GANG, AND I THINK I DO, WE OUGHT TO BE HOEING CORN.

SAY, I LIKE THIS COUNTRY LIFE, FARMER BROWN. WHEN WE GET BACK TO THE FARM HOUSE I'LL GIVE YOU THE MONEY. I WANT TO BUY THE FARM.

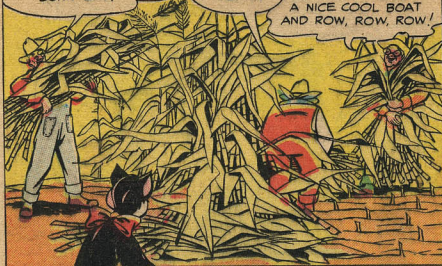




MAYBE HAY PITCHIN' IS A LITTLE TOUGH. HELP ME GATHER UP THESE OLD CORNSTALKS AN' WE'LL BURN 'EM.

I'M GLAD WE DON'T HAVE TO SIT DOWN TO WORK.

WE MAY BE HAPPY FARMERS, I'M SURE I WOULDN'T KNOW. I'D RATHER CLIMB IN A NICE COOL BOAT AND ROW, ROW, ROW!



THIS CORN IS ALL DRIED OUT, IT IS, IT IS. I'D BETTER BURN IT UP WITH THE CORNSTALKS.

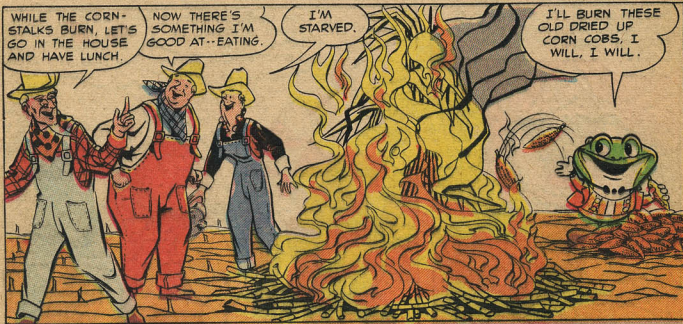


WHILE THE CORNSTALKS BURN, LET'S GO IN THE HOUSE AND HAVE LUNCH.

NOW THERE'S SOMETHING I'M GOOD AT--EATING.

I'M STARVED.

I'LL BURN THESE OLD DRIED UP CORN COBS, I WILL, I WILL.



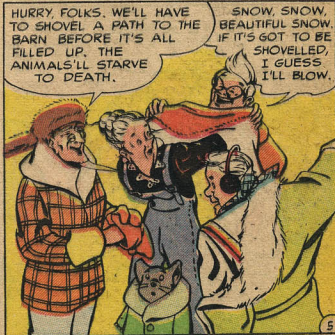
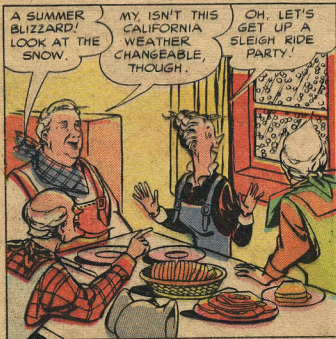
A SUMMER BLIZZARD! LOOK AT THE SNOW.

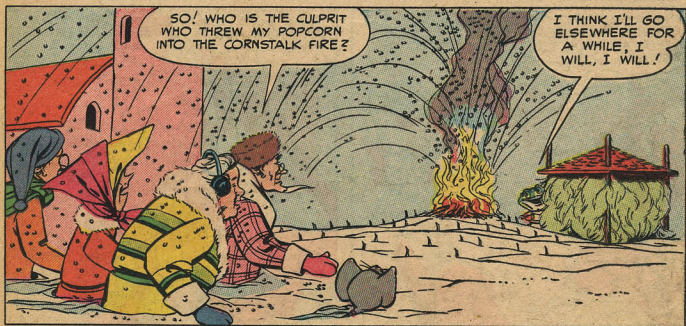
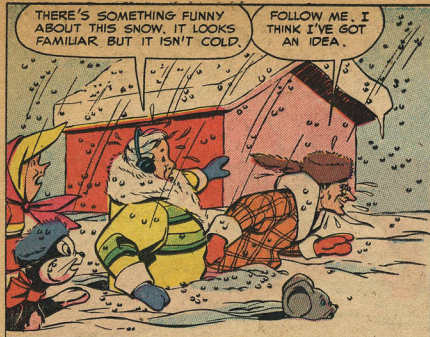
MY, ISN'T THIS CALIFORNIA WEATHER CHANGEABLE, THOUGH.

OH, LET'S GET UP A SLEIGH RIDE PARTY!

HURRY, FOLKS, WE'LL HAVE TO SHOVEL A PATH TO THE BARN BEFORE IT'S ALL FILLED UP. THE ANIMALS'LL STARVE TO DEATH.

SNOW, SNOW, BEAUTIFUL SNOW. IF IT'S GOT TO BE SHOVELLED, I GUESS I'LL BLOW.



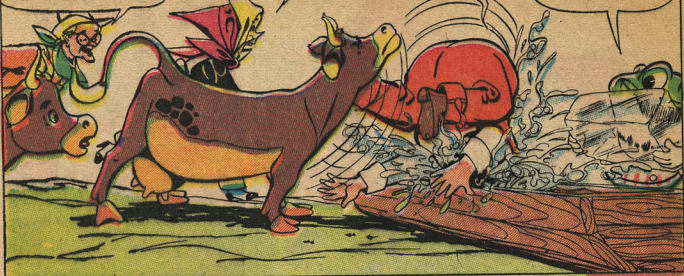


AM-NA, YOU SEE? I KNOW MY STUFF. THESE COWS ALL LIKE TO PLAY REAL ROUGH!

SMILIN' ED SHOULD WAIT UNTIL HE GETS IN THE HOUSE TO BATHE.

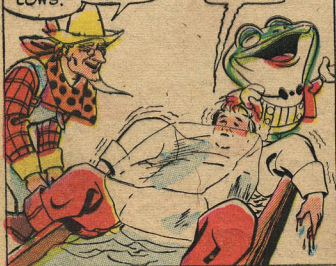
GULP!

MR. BROWN WANTS THE ICE IN THE WATER TANK, HE DOES, HE DOES.



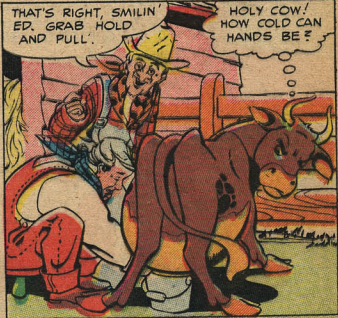
YOU'RE COOLED OFF ENOUGH, SMILIN' ED. HELP ME MILK THE COWS.

BRRRRR
RRRR.



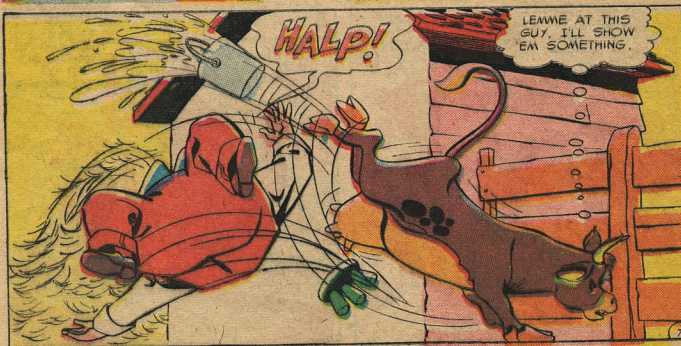
THAT'S RIGHT, SMILIN' ED. GRAB HOLD AND PULL!

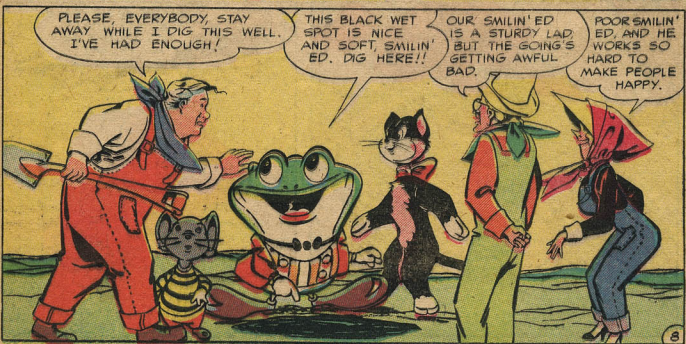
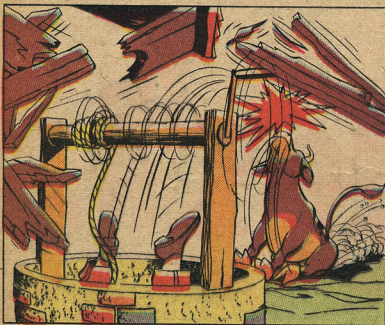
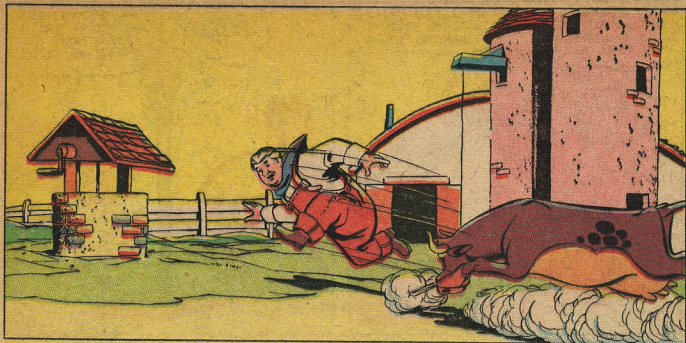
HOLY COW! HOW COLD CAN HANDS BE?

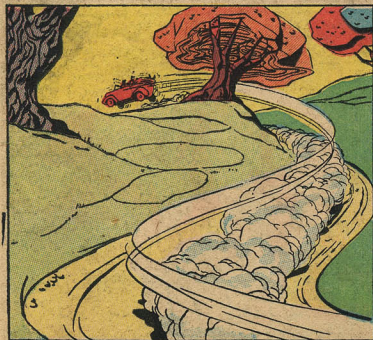
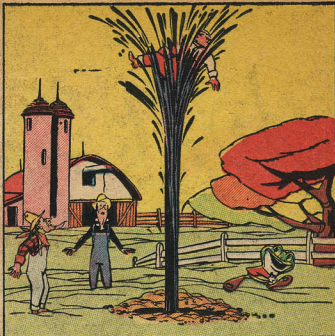
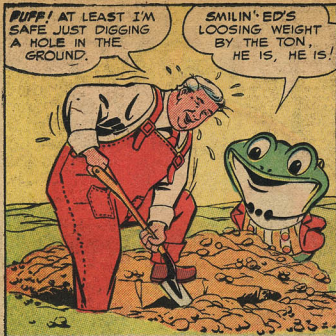


HALP!


LEMME AT THIS GUY, I'LL SHOW 'EM SOMETHING.







SPACE MAGNET



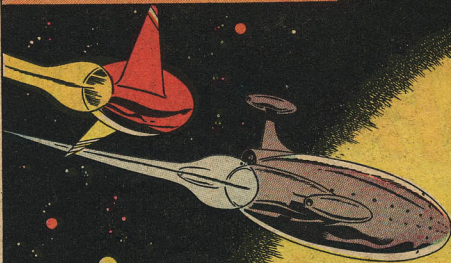
WHEE-U, WHAT A DULL TRIP. FIGURED OUR POSITION, TERRY?

YEAH, HERE'S THE READING. TWENTY-ONE MINUTES FOURTEEN SECONDS LONGITUDE, SIXTEEN MINUTES FOURTEEN SECONDS LATITUDE, DEPTH NINE HOURS. TIME, INTERSTELLAR TWENTY-SIX SEVENTEEN. AND YOU'RE NOT KIDDING. THIS IS A REAL DULL TRIP.

THE INTERSTELLAR POLICE SHIP "COMET" MAKES A ROUTINE PATROL WITH CAPTAIN BRUCE WARREN, PILOT, AND HIS YOUNGER BROTHER TERRY WARREN, CO-PILOT. AND AS OFTEN HAPPENS, SPACE TRAVEL IS MONOTONOUS.

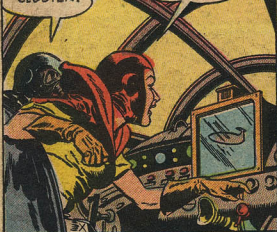
HOWEVER, WHILE TERRY AND BRUCE FIND LIFE IN MID-SPACE DULL, AT THAT VERY MOMENT ADVENTURE IS BEGINNING FOR THEM ONLY A FEW HUNDRED THOUSAND MILES AWAY. THE GREAT SPACELINER NEPTUNE MADE HER SWIFT WAY TOWARD THE PLANET VENUS. NONE OF THE OFFICERS AND CREW, MUCH LESS THE DROWSY PASSENGERS WERE AWARE THAT A SMALL PURSUIT TYPE SPACE SHIP, COLORED A VIVID SCARLET, FOLLOWED CLOSELY BEHIND.

THE SCARLET SPEEDSTER OF TANYA, THE SPACE SIREN, CLOSES IN ON THE INTERSTELLAR GIANT.



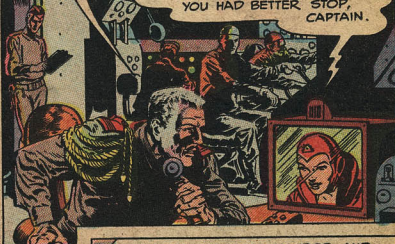
SO, SIREN, WE ARE WELL PLACED FOR A RAY SHOT. WITH ONE BURST I CAN KNOCK OUT THEIR STERN ROCKET CLUSTER.

HOLD THE POSITION. I'LL TALK TO CAPTAIN ROBERTS OF THE NEPTUNE BEFORE WE SHOOT.



THIS IS CAPTAIN ROBERTS. WHO ARE YOU? WHY DID YOU CALL US?

YOU ARE NOT VERY OBSERVANT, CAPTAIN ROBERTS. WE HAVE BEEN RIGHT ON YOUR TAIL FOR SOME TIME NOW. WE ARE IN A BEAUTIFUL POSITION TO RAY OUT YOUR STERN ROCKET DRIVE. YOU HAD BETTER STOP, CAPTAIN.



STOP THE NEPTUNE IN MID SPACE? OF COURSE I'LL NOT STOP!

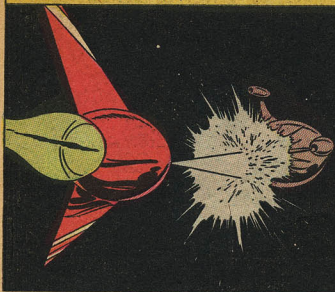
CAPTAIN... I MEAN WHAT I SAY. IF YOU DO NOT INSTANTLY TURN ON YOUR NOSE ROCKETS AND STOP, I SHALL RAY OUT YOUR STERN PROPULSION UNIT!



TAKE THE CONTROLS, BANDOR, AND BLAST OUT THEIR STERN TUBES. WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE ON STUBBORN MEN.



AS GOOD AS HER WORD, TANYA SENDS DIS-INTEGRATING RAYS TO BLAST THE PROPULSION TUBES OF THE NEPTUNE.



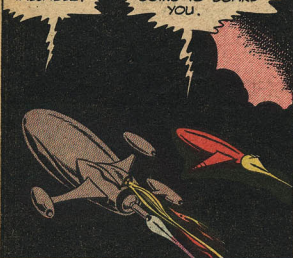
WHAT THE DEVIL DO YOU MEAN BY THAT? WE'RE HELPLESS HERE IN MID-SPACE. THE INTERPLANETARY POLICE WILL...

WE WILL COME BROADSIDE TO YOU AND KEEP OUR GUNS TRAINED ON YOUR HULL. IF YOU DO NOT OBEY ME, WE WILL BLAST OPEN THE PORT SIDE OF YOUR SHIP. IT WILL NOT BE PLEASANT TO SEE YOUR PASSENGERS DYING IN THE VACUUM, CAPTAIN.



BUT WHAT DO YOU WANT FROM US? WE CARRY NOTHING VALUABLE.

THAT IS A MATTER OF OPINION, CAPTAIN. OPEN YOUR PORT AIR LOCK. I AM GOING TO BOARD YOU.



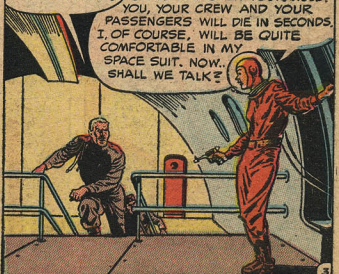
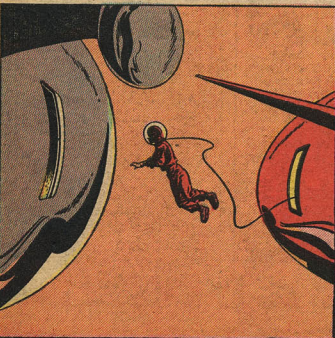
INSTRUCTIONS, SIREN?

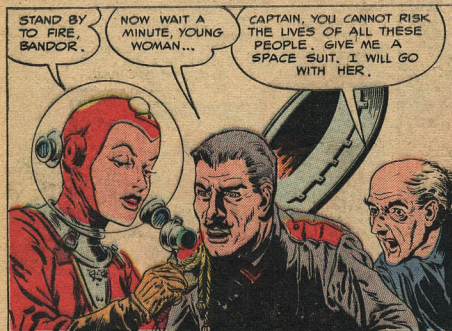
KEEP YOUR FORWARD RAY GUNS TRAINED ON THEIR HULL. KEEP YOUR EAR PHONES TUNED TO MY SPACE-SUIT. IF I SO ORDER, BLAST OPEN THEIR HULL. THAT IS ALL.



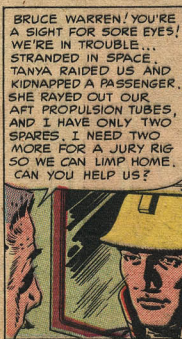
WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS OUTRAGE, YOUNG WOMAN?

CAPTAIN, BY NOW YOU SHOULD KNOW I'M NOT FOOLING. IF YOU FAIL TO DO AS I WISH, I SHALL RAY OPEN YOUR HULL. YOU, YOUR CREW AND YOUR PASSENGERS WILL DIE IN SECONDS. I, OF COURSE, WILL BE QUITE COMFORTABLE IN MY SPACE SUIT. NOW. SHALL WE TALK?





MOMENTS LATER, AS THE 'COMET' KNIFES THROUGH SPACE...



THE REPAIRS TO THE NEPTUNE ARE QUICKLY ACCOMPLISHED.

I CAN'T THANK YOU ENOUGH, BRUCE. WE'D HAVE BEEN STRANDED FOR DAYS, AND OUR SUPPLIES WOULD NEVER HAVE HELD OUT.

NO THANKS NECESSARY, BOB. AND YOUR STERN ROCKET CLUSTER IS STILL ONLY ABOUT THIRTY PERCENT EFFICIENT. YOU'LL HAVE A SLOW TRIP HOME. NOW TELL US ABOUT THE RAID.

...THAT'S THE STORY, BRUCE. WHY SHE TOOK DOCTOR MARCUS, I DON'T KNOW.

WE'LL HAVE TO HUNT UP TANYA... BUT WHERE?

TANYA MUST HAVE KIDNAPPED DOCTOR MARCUS FOR HIS SPACE-MAGNET. BUT WHAT SHE WANTS TO DO WITH IT, I CAN'T FIGURE OUT.

WHAT THE HECK'S A SPACE-MAGNET?

"YOU SEE, SPACE IS FILLED WITH FLYING PARTICLES, SMALL BODIES OF ALL KINDS, METEORS, PARTLY DISINTEGRATED REMAINS OF COMETS AND OTHER HEAVENLY BODIES. THESE PARTICLES ARE A SERIOUS MENACE TO SPACE TRAVEL. THE SPACE-MAGNET IS A MACHINE WHICH IS ACTUALLY TURNED LOOSE IN FREE SPACE AND STARTED BY REMOTE CONTROL. IT GENERATES A TREMENDOUS GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION, SO THAT ANY ROVING PARTICLES WHICH COME WITHIN ITS RANGE ARE ATTRACTED TO IT, JUST AS THOSE PARTICLES WOULD BE ATTRACTED BY THE GRAVITATIONAL PULL OF A PLANET. THE MACHINE FINALLY BECOMES A NUCLEUS AND SURROUNDS ITSELF WITH A MASS, WHICH, THEORETICALLY, CONTINUES TO GROW UNTIL IT FINALLY BECOMES A SMALL PLANET IN ITSELF. THIS PLANET COULD BE CHARTED, YOU SEE, AND THAT SEGMENT OF SPACE WOULD BE KEPT FREE OF ROVING BODIES."

MEANWHILE, IN THE TRACKLESS JUNGLES OF VENUS, TANYA'S SHIP RESTED WHILE SHE SPOKE WITH HER PRISONER, DOCTOR MARCUS.

DR. MARCUS, IT IS MY DESIRE TO OWN A PLANET UNKNOWN TO ANYONE BUT ME. IT WILL BE THE PERFECT HIDE-A-WAY. I HAVE A FINE, WELL-EQUIPPED LABORATORY HERE ON VENUS. HERE YOU WILL BUILD YOUR SPACE-MAGNET FOR ME, AND WITH IT I WILL BUILD MY PLANET.

FIRST OF ALL, YOUNG LADY, WE DO NOT KNOW IF MY SPACE-MAGNET WILL WORK. SECONDLY, IF IT DOES, I WILL GIVE IT TO THE INTERPLANETARY COUNCIL FOR THE GOOD OF THE UNIVERSE, AND NOT TO A SPACE PIRATE.



DOCTOR, YOU ARE HEAD OF INTERSTELLAR LABORATORIES. YOU HAVE A GREAT LABORATORY IN NEW YORK, ON EARTH, AND ANOTHER HERE ON VENUS. UNLESS YOU DO AS I SAY, BOTH OF THESE BUILDINGS WILL BE DESTROYED AND EVERY-ONE IN THEM WILL DIE.

I... CANNOT RISK THOSE LIVES. I WILL DO AS YOU SAY.



BRUCE AND TERRY HUNTED TANYA CONSTANTLY, RETURNING TO BASE ONLY FOR FUEL AND SUPPLIES. WEEKS LATER, THEIR SEARCH LED THEM FAR OUT INTO SPACE AND DEEP INTO THE SECOND GALAXY.

WHAT ARE YOU MUTTERING ABOUT OVER THERE? YOU'VE BEEN TALKING TO YOURSELF FOR HALF AN HOUR.



I THINK I'M GOING NUTS. I'VE TAKEN OBSERVATIONS EVERY THREE MINUTES FOR AN HOUR... AND BRUCE... WE'RE TRAVELLING SIDWAYS!

YOU'RE RIGHT. DIRECTION IN SPACE CAN'T BE NOTICED. WE MUST BE CAUGHT IN THE GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION OF SOME BODY. LET'S USE PORT ROCKETS, TURN NOSE FIRST AND SEE WHERE IT TAKES US.

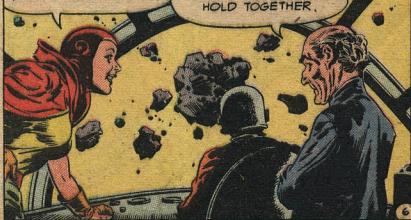
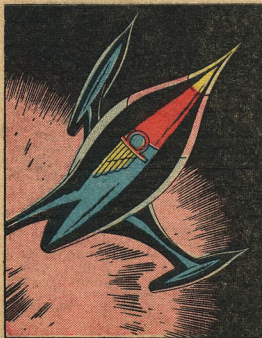
GOOD IDEA. WE SHOULD FIND OUT WHAT'S WRONG AND REPORT ANYWAY.

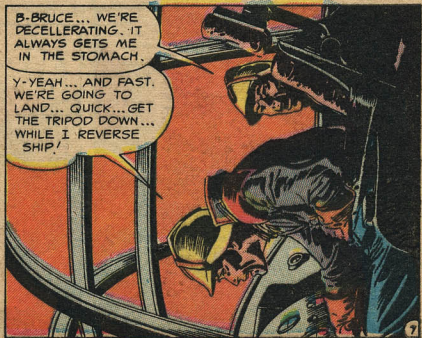
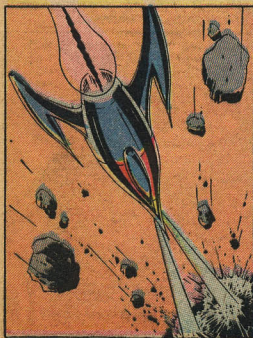
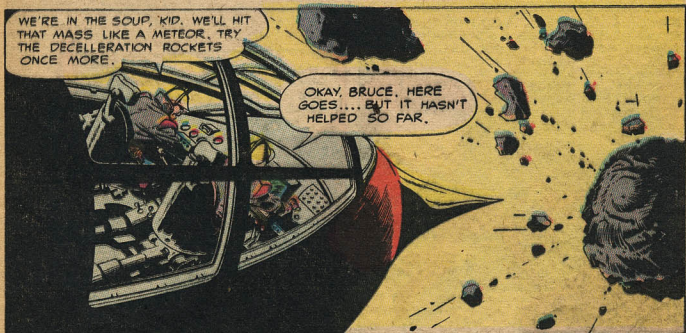
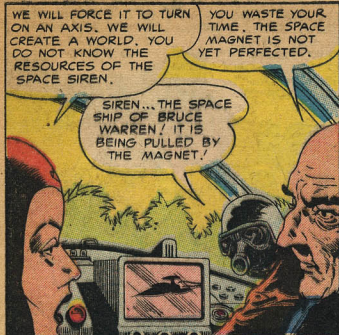


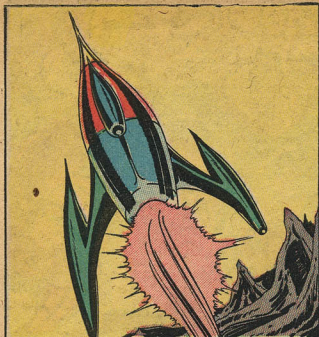
MEANWHILE, FAR AHEAD OF THEM IN SPACE, IN HER MOTIONLESS SHIP, TANYA WATCHES A MIRACLE HAPPEN.

A PLANET... FORMING WHILE WE WATCH IT! DOCTOR MARCUS, LET ME CONGRATULATE YOU ON THE SUCCESS OF YOUR SPACE-MAGNET.

THE SPACE-MAGNET IS NOT WORKING CORRECTLY. IT IS ATTRACTING PARTICLES AND CREATING MASS, BUT IT DOES NOT ROTATE ON AN AXIS-- THEREFORE IT CANNOT HOLD TOGETHER.

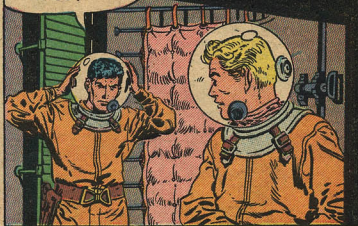






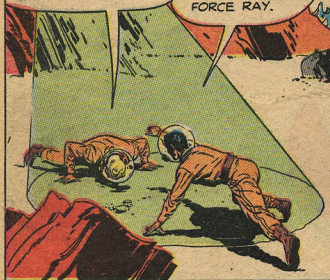
WE'LL HAVE TO BE CAREFUL, TERRY. THERE'LL BE VERY LITTLE GRAVITATIONAL ATTRACTION-- ONLY THE NORMAL ATTRACTION OF MASS.

WE CAN STICK CLOSE TO THE SHIP AND STILL HAVE A LOOK AROUND.



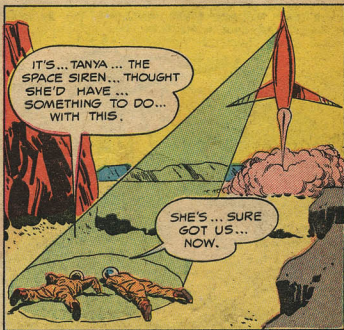
BRUCE... I... I CAN'T STAND... UP. SOMETHING'S PUSHING ME DOWN.

GO WITH IT, KID... SOMEBODY'S GOT US... IN A FORCE RAY.

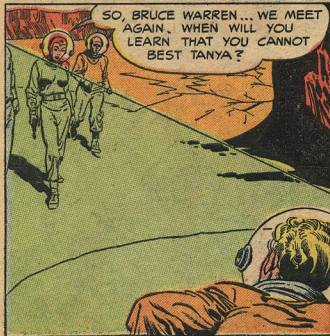


IT'S... TANYA... THE SPACE SIREN... THOUGHT SHE'D HAVE... SOMETHING TO DO... WITH THIS.

SHE'S... SURE GOT US... NOW.

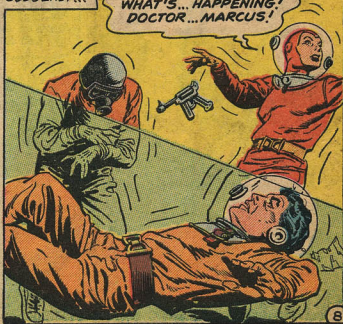


SO, BRUCE WARREN... WE MEET AGAIN. WHEN WILL YOU LEARN THAT YOU CANNOT BEST TANYA?



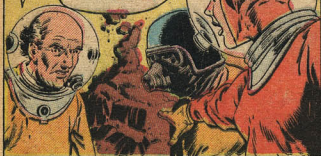
SUDDENLY...

WHAT'S... HAPPENING! DOCTOR... MARCUS!



IT IS AS I WARNED YOU, MISS. WHEN THE POWER OF THE SPACE-MAGNET WAS TURNED OFF, THE ATTRACTIVE FORCE WHICH HELD THE SMALL BODIES TOGETHER DISAPPEARED. I'M AFRAID YOUR NEW PLANET IS BEGINNING TO DISINTEGRATE ALREADY. THE SPACE-MAGNET IS A FAILURE.

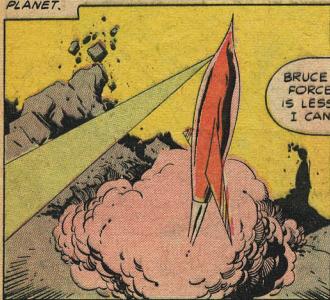
BANDOR... PUT HIM UNDER THE FORCE RAY ALSO!



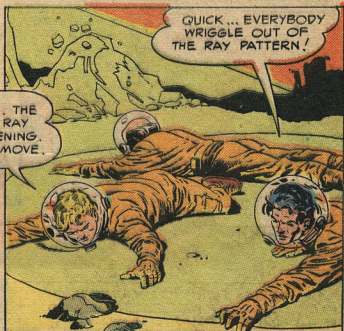
SO THE SPACE-MAGNET IS A FAILURE? AT LEAST THE FALSE PLANET WILL SERVE TO RID SPACE OF MY FAVORITE ENEMIES, THE INTERPLANETARY POLICEMEN HERE, AND YOU ALSO, DOCTOR MARCUS, FOR YOUR FAILURE. COME, BANDOR. WE MUST BLAST OFF BEFORE THIS THING FALLS APART.



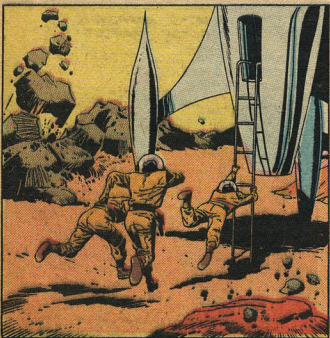
AS THOUGH STARTED BY THE BLAST OF TANYA'S TAKE OFF, VIOLENT TREMORS ROCK THE FALSE PLANET.



BRUCE... THE FORCE RAY IS LESSENING. I CAN MOVE.



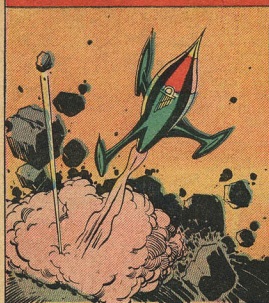
QUICK... EVERYBODY WRIGGLE OUT OF THE RAY PATTERN!



QUICK, TERRY... FULL ROCKETS!

C-C-COMING!

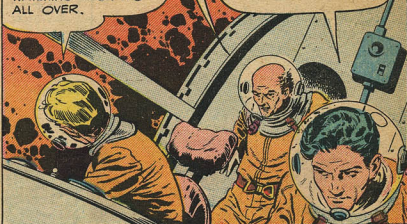
THE COMET BLASTS OFF WITHOUT A SECOND TO SPARE.



KEEP FULL POWER ON, CAPTAIN. THE SPACE MAGNET RUNS ON ATOMIC POWER, AND IF A CHAIN-REACTION HAS BEEN SET UP, WE MAY SEE A TREMENDOUS COSMIC EXPLOSION. WE'D BETTER BE AS FAR AWAY AS POSSIBLE.

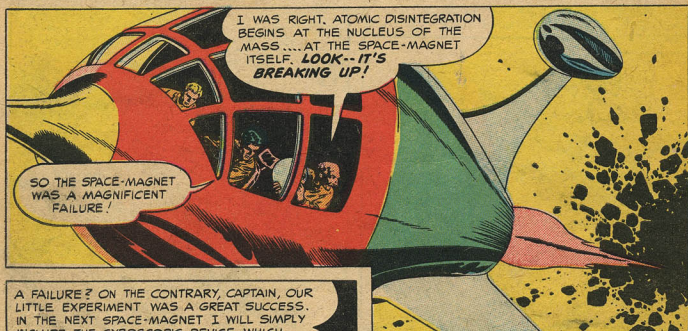
I H-HOPE WE'RE STILL WATCHING WHEN IT'S ALL OVER.

YOU CAN SAY THAT AGAIN, KID. CUT IN THE AUXILLIARY POWER!



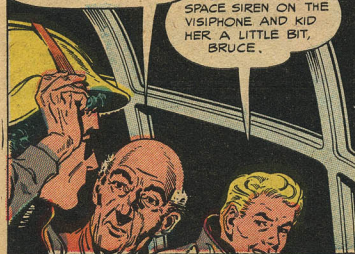
I WAS RIGHT. ATOMIC DISINTEGRATION BEGINS AT THE NUCLEUS OF THE MASS AT THE SPACE-MAGNET ITSELF. **LOOK--IT'S BREAKING UP!**

SO THE SPACE-MAGNET WAS A MAGNIFICENT FAILURE!

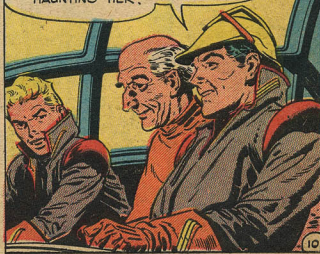


A FAILURE? ON THE CONTRARY, CAPTAIN, OUR LITTLE EXPERIMENT WAS A GREAT SUCCESS. IN THE NEXT SPACE-MAGNET I WILL SIMPLY INCLUDE THE GYROSCOPIC DEVICE WHICH MAKES IT TURN ON AN AXIS. ONCE IN ROTATION IT WILL CONTINUE TO TURN, EVEN AFTER THE SPACE-MAGNET FAILS TO FUNCTION, AND THUS ESTABLISH ITS OWN GRAVITATIONAL FORCE. GENTLEMEN, WE ARE QUITE SUCCESSFUL.

LET'S GET THE SPACE SIREN ON THE VISIPHONE AND KID HER A LITTLE BIT, BRUCE.



NO, TERRY, WE WON'T CALL TANYA. YOU SEE, SHE THINKS WE'RE DEAD. THAT'S FINE. LET THE SPACE SIREN CONTINUE TO THINK WE'RE GHOSTS. THAT WAY WE CAN DO A BETTER JOB OF HAUNTING HER.



6

BUSTER BROWN'S POINT Fitting Plan

PROTECTS GROWING FEET



Measure both feet. Largest length and width fitted.



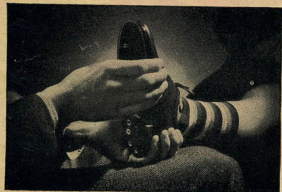
Big toe joint fitted to widest inside line of shoe.



Small toe fitted to widest outside line of shoe.



Fitted to allow about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch from end of toe to end of shoe.



Heel fit check for proper width at top and bottom.



Regular 90-day size check service recommended.

BUSTER BROWN'S

VACATION DAYS CARNIVAL



It's vacation time, buddies, and time for new Buster Brown Sandals... swell for play and dress-up. Ask Mom to take you to your Buster Brown Shoe Man, his name is on the front cover.